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A mill employing fifty men is now engaged in making paper from the bagasse, or sugarcane refuse, which was once the greatest nuisance to the sugar grower.

General Lew Wallace and Rev. Dr. W. H. Hickman, Vice-Chancellor of Depauw University, have raised a storm of protests because of highhanded criticisms of the wheel. During the reception of a well-drilled commandery at Crawfordsville, and while General Wallace was making the welcoming address, he claimed that the best appearing men were those who had received a military training, and he took occasion to deprecate the use of bicycles, saying that the riders looked more like monkeys than men, and that bicycling was time wasted. It remained, however, for Dr. Hickman to come out flatfooted in denouncing the use of bicycles for women. He declares that it is one of the most baneful agencies ever invented in so far as it concerns the gentler sex. It takes the young woman from her home and home duties; its tendencies are altogether wrong. He also asserts that it affords a means of easy escape from the restrictions of conventionality, and is harmful from a hygienic standpoint.

Assistant Chief Alexander Scott of the division of drafting of the Patent Office has an interesting list of the patents granted to women inventors of the United States, compiled from 1790 to January 1, 1895. Up to that period there had been issued 531,618 patents to all persons, the number of women included being surprisingly large. The articles on which the patents have been granted comprise everything in the patentable line, from a curling iron to a cooking stove, and from a war vessel to a handsaw. While many of the patents are no objects of peculiar interest to women, many of them are on scientific machines, objects of warfare, miners' utensils and things which would be only useful to the male portion of humanity. Of course, the baby has not been forgotten, and the articles patented to make the "mother's joy" more comfortable and contented form a department all to themselves. Collar buttons have been invented by wives, mothers and sweethearts. Evidently this was done to ease the masculine mind or prevent the accustomed, or, at least, accredited, profanity which is supposed to flow when one of the buttons becomes detached from a garment and rolls somewhere out of reach or "cannot possibly be found." "We have found," said Mr. Scott to the Star reporter, "that the objects patented by women are of just as practicable a nature as those gotten out by the men. Very often it happens that men invent an object which is of interest exclusively to womankind, as a new style of hair fixer, but the reverse is often the case. It frequently happens that a woman will suggest something to her husband, or some male member of the family, who acts upon it, taking out the patent and getting credit for it, of course, fully with the consent of the one suggesting the idea. Any one who thinks that a woman is incapable of inventing anything really useful is making a great mistake, as a look over the list of the thousands of objects will testify. Some of the most important things in use nowadays have been invented by women and brought into general use by them."

# BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

## FURTHER INTERESTING HISTORY OF NOTED INDIAN CHIEFS.

## DISCOVERS EXISTENCE OF OLD BOOK

**Which Throws Light Upon the Subject—An Old Lady In Texas Writes to William.**

Now here is a book that is worth having. A book that is 24x18 inches and weighs twenty-five pounds. It is sixty-one years old, and has 120 large size plates of the most notable Indian chiefs, each plate covering a page and being accurate and graphic likenesses and all done in colors, with the fuss and feathers and tribal ornaments and as finely executed in face and features as oil paintings. I did not know that there was such a book or that such work could be done in those days. Each plate has a biographical memoir accompanying, which is in large type, so large that I can read it offhand without glasses. This work seems to have been compiled from the records in the Indian gallery of the war department at Washington by Thomas M. McKenney. The book I have is the property of Mr. David Black, of Atlanta, and as it has came down to him in the family, I did not suppose there was another in the state, but my friend Joe M. Brown tells me that his brother Elijah has it, and also another volume, which I wish to see, for this one has neither Ross nor Osceola. It has Ridge and McIntosh and other Creek and Cherokee chiefs, and Paddy Carr, the famous interpreter, whose father was Scotch-Irish and his mother an Indian. For many years he was in General Jackson's service and in government service, and got rich and invested his money in land and negroes, and owned eighty slaves when he died. A warm friend of his had a beautiful daughter named Ariadne, and when Paddy's wife gave birth to twin girls he named one Ary and the other Adny.

This book has a charming biography of Major Ridge, and makes him a very strong-minded and noble man. His likeness shows as much force and decision of character as does that of Webster or Calhoun. Indeed, some of the speeches made by the Indian chiefs in their long protracted discussions with the government are as pathetic, eloquent and unanswerable as if they came from Patrick Henry or any other great orator. It is touching and tearful to read the pleading, poetical eloquence of Black Hawk and Keokuk and Tustenuggee and Major Ridge and Big Warrior. Mr. McKenney was the government's agent in all these treaties, and declares their oratory to be a natural gift, and no race of people could excel them. They speak without art or effort, and most of them had a low, soft, sweet and musical voice that gave fit expression to their earnest pleadings.

The account given of Major Ridge's greatest embarrassment in contending with John Ross is very amusing. Ross was bitterly hostile to Ridge and his policy, and in order to alarm the Indians he got a half-breed named Charles to pretend to come down from some far-off mountain with a message to them from the Great Spirit. Charles said: "The Great Spirit is angry with you. He tells me that you are following the customs of the white people; that you have already gotten mills and clothes and feather beds and books and cats—yes, cats—and, therefore, the buffalo and other game are fast disappearing. The Great Spirit is angry, and says you must cut short your frocks and kill your cats and give up your mills and quit living in houses, and then your game will come back."

This excited the Indians very much, and they cried out that the talk was good. Ridge arose with anger in his face and voice and said: "The talk is not good. It is false. It did not come from the Great Spirit." The Indians rushed upon him with fury and a wild fight ensued, and some of his friends were stabbed, but Ridge was a very powerful man and defended himself with great courage. The tumult was quieted after a time, and Jesse Vann and John Harris and some old men brought about a reconciliation.

There was much trouble all along those years. I have a long letter from Mr. R. M. Edwards, a venerable lawyer of Cleveland, Tenn. He says: "In my youth I spent many happy days in fishing, hunting and playing with the Indian boys of the Ocoee district in east Tennessee and among the many sad scenes of an uneventful life, one of the saddest was to see my little play fellows start on their long and weary journey to the west. They left the most beautiful country I ever beheld. It resembled more a magnificent park than a forest, owing to their tribal custom of burning the woods to keep down the undergrowth. * * * It is singular that so great a concourse of people—fourteen to sixteen thousand—could be gathered up by force as it were and removed, going through Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri. They crossed the Tennessee at Blythe's ferry, just below the mouth of the Hiawassee; then crossed the Cumberland range at Pikeville, then to Sparta, Lebanon and Nashville; then crossed the Cumberland river, and next the Ohio and Vincennes; then on to the Mississippi, which they found frozen over, and had to wait a month for the ice to break, and finally reach Tallaquah in April, 1839.

"In the debates in congress great opposition was made to this treaty by John Q. Adams and Henry A. Wise, and it was stated on the floor by one of these men that John Ross was arrested by the state of Georgia and carried to Milledgeville and his house was robbed of ten thousand dollars while he was gone. The speakers very severely criticised President Jackson for his ingratitude to Ross, who served him so faithfully at the battle of the Horseshoe."

This old gentleman is full of memories of those Indian times, and says that there is yet living at Charleston, Tenn., Mr. H. B. Henniger, who accompanied the great cavalcade all the way to their home in the west.

And here is a characteristic letter from an old lady living in Myrtle, Tex. She says: "Please excuse an old woman for trying to write to you about those Indians that you have been telling us of in The Constitution, and as I was born and raised in the Cherokee nation, I will venture to tell you some things that may interest you. My father, Wan Thompson, settled at the mission station on the Etowah (or Hightower river, as we called it.) My eldest brother, Perry Thompson, was the interpreter for the nation a long time. My father's sister, Nancy, joined the mission when she was only fifteen years old. She followed them to the territory and kept up her mission work there, and spent a long and useful life, and died in her eighty-fourth year. When Boudinot was killed she was standing on the porch very early in the morning and saw a man running as if for his life, and two men pursuing him. They soon caught him and killed him and ran away as fast as they could go. She hurried to the man and found it was Boudinot.

"There were several families who had Indian blood in their veins who did not go west with the tribe. The Lynch family was part Cherokee. Barelia Lynch married Lowry Williams. I expect you knew him. They had but one child and she was named Cherokee. She married Robert Wylie, a son of Clark Wylie. I remember a good many Cherokee chiefs and braves, but can't spell their names for you. John Ross was not an Indian. His mother was a white woman and he left her up north when he came to the nation and married an Indian wife. John Ridge was part Indian. I expect your friend George Adair is of Indian blood, for we had two Adair families there. Black Wat and Red Wat. They were cousins. When John Howard Payne was staying in the nation we saw him often. He named my little sister Ann Payne. One of my sisters went to school with an Indian girl named Lizzy Shoboot and she taught my sister to swim. The Cherokees called my father Connehana Thompson. My husband wishes me to prove my rights in the nation as one of them, but I have never done so. His name is R. D. Ivie and he was born in Lawrenceville, Ga. We often see names in The Constitution that we remember away back. Old Georgia is our dear mother, and though we have been separated for sixty years, we love her still.

"'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and this is my excuse for writing to you.

"MRS. R. D. IVIE."

Well, now, that is a good letter. How the chickens would come home if they could.

Next comes the advance sheets of "The Young People's History of Arkansas," written by my friend E. Porter Thompson, now at Frankfort, Ky., but long a resident and editor in Arkansas.

The chapter on Colonel Elias C. Boudinot is full of interest and makes him a very remarkable man. His father's name was Kelle-kee-nah, but being adopted by Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, took his name. Boudinot sided with Ridge in regard to the treaty and Ross became his bitter enemy. Ross was a powerful vindictive and unscrupulous man. He had Boudinot and Major Ridge and John Ridge all assassinated. Colonel Elias C. Boudinot was born near Rome, Ga., August 1, 1835. He was educated at Manchester, Vt. In 1855 he came to Fayetteville, Ark., and studied law with Hon. A. M. Wilson, was admitted to the bar in 1856 and soon rose to the front rank as an able lawyer and gifted speaker. In 1860 he became editor of The Democrat at Little Rock. In 1861, after the state seceded, he and his cousin, "Stand Watie," raised a regiment and fought the battle of Elkhorn. He was chosen as a member of the Confederate congress in 1863. After the battle of Elkhorn Ross deserted the Confederacy and assailed the southern Cherokees for helping the south. Boudinot defended them with signal ability and delivered such a phillipic against his treachery that he was consigned to inmfay.

Some years ago Boudinot, by invitation of senators and representatives, delivered a lecture in Washington on the Indian race that made a profound impression. Judge Hallum says of him: "Some years ago he married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Washington. He is an able lawyer, a polished and refined gentleman and is possessed of the most fascinating conversational powers. He has a most wonderful musical talent and one of the most charming voices ever given to men."

Isn't that splendid? I wouldn't mind being that sort of an Indian.

I have many more historic letters, but this will suffice for this time. I I have great reverence for these memories; they make up history that will soon pass into oblivion unless somebody records it. There is a house on the bank of the Oostanaula river two miles above Rome that I have reference for. It was built by Major Ridge nearly seventy years ago and is still a good old-fashioned two-story house. It was built of hewn logs, but was long afterwards ceiled inside and weatherboarded. When I first knew it Colonel A. N. Verdery lived there. He was the father of Mrs. Warren Akin, and she was married there to that eminent lawyer. Mrs. Akin's youngest brother was born in that house. This good lady is the mother of Judge John W. Akin and she still lives in our town and is full of many sweet and many sad memories. My observation is that women have better memories than men, especially concerning marriages, deaths, births and the social statistics of their youthful days.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

### The Discovery of Porcelain.

Notwithstanding the fact that a great many people have spent their entire lives in pursuing the elusive phantom of the philosopher's stone and the secret of perpetual motion, which might have been employed to much better purpose, yet these pursuits have occasionally proved of great benefit to mankind.

The art of making porcelain was familiar to the Chinese and Japanese for ages, but it was not made in Europe until the early part of the eighteenth century, when John Bottger, a German from Schlaiz, in Voightland, invented the art. Bottger was apprenticed to a Berlin apothecary, where he fell in with an alchemist, who, in consequence of some services which Bottger had done for him, offered to teach him the art of making gold. The young apprentice, thinking his fortune was as good as made, promptly ran away from his master into Saxony, in the year 1700. He was pursued, but found protection in that country, where the people who befriended him urged him to give a specimen of his newly found skill.

The poor fellow had, however, been grossly imposed upon, and the secret from which he had hoped so much proved valueless. He still believed in the possibility of making gold, and worked at the matter incessantly. It so happened that having mixed a number of different kinds of earth together for the purpose of making durable crucibles, in the course of baking them he accidentally stumbled upon the art of making porcelain, and suddenly found himself transformed from a poor alchemist into a prosperous potter. This first porcelain was manufactured in Dresden in 1706, and was brownish-red in color, having been made chiefly of a brown clay.—Harper's Round Table.

### Origin of the Menhaden Industry.

It was in 1850 when an old lady, Mrs. John Bartlett, of Bluehill, Me., boiling some fish for her chickens, observed a thin scum of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this she bottled, and when on a visit to Boston soon after, carried samples to a leading oil merchant, who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously applied their gill nets and sent to market thirteen barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of $11 per barrel. In the following year this family made 100 barrels. Then the value of menhaden oil having become recognized, many oil presses—of a more or less imperfect construction—were established along the coast, and the industry developed so rapidly that within twenty years the yield of menhaden oil exceeded that of the whale from the American fisheries.—Boston Cultivator.

Mrs. F. A. Steel, the author of "On the Face of the Waters," says: "Our standard of civilization is personal comfort—luxury, a thing absolutely unknown in native India. There is scarcely any difference in the mode of living between the rich and the poor. If you go into the house of a rajah, there is the same bare floor and only a simple platter to eat from, such as is seen in the home of the poorest. To put it crudely, there will probably not be even the luxury of a wash-basin and towel; for the rich man, like his poor brother, washes in the open and dries himself in the sun. Such is the extreme simplicity of life that wealth is still buried in India; a man may spend it on jewels for his wife, but not on pleasure or personal comfort. This simple life, which fosters no distinctions of class, has been preserved for three thousand years by Indian civilization, but ours will destroy it in fifty years."

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### When Fingers Are Stained.

When the fingers are stained in peeling fruits, preparing green walnuts, or in similar ways, dip them in strong tea, rubbing them well with a nail brush, and afterward wash them in warm water and the stains will disappear.

### Scorched Linen.

To restore scorched linen, take two onions, peel and slice them and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap and add two ounces of Fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well, and spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterwards wash out the linen.

### To Clean Carpets.

For cleaning the spots on the carpet ox gall or ammonia and water are excellent. The proportion is one tablespoonful of household ammonia to four parts of water, or use one tablespoonful of ox gall to one quart of water. Apply with a sponge or flannel not too wet and rub until nearly dry. Lime spots may be removed with vinegar. This must be used quickly and washed off immediately. For soot, cover with salt or cornmeal and sweep up. To remove ink spots pour on milk, and as it becomes colored absorb with a blotting or other soft absorbent paper; coarse butcher's paper is good. As soon as the ink is removed wash with warm water and castile soap—nothing stronger—to remove the grease of the milk.

### Silver's Tarnish.

To remove stains from silver, especially such as are caused by medicine or by neglect, use sulphuric acid, rubbing it on with a little flannel pad, then rinsing the articles most carefully at once. For less ingrained stains, the pulp of a lemon, whose juice has been used for lemon squash, may be recommended, as both efficient and harmless. Indian silver and brass is always cleaned by natives with lemon or limes. It may be as well to warn housekeepers in these days, when pretty serving is such a consideration, that, where one had to reheat food in a silver dish from which it is impossible to shift the eatable, a baking tin should be half filled with hot water, a doubled sheet of paper should be placed in this and the silver dish stood upon it, after which it will take no harm from the effects of the oven heat. Again, as eggs and vinegar are alike apt to discolor plated or silver dishes, always run a little weak aspic jelly over the silver dish before dishing the mayonnaise, etc., to be served in it, and if this coating is allowed to set before putting in the other materials the dish will suffer no damage that hot soap and water will not easily remove.

### Recipes.

Pears With Whipped Cream—Peel five medium-sized pears, which must be perfectly ripe. Cut the fruit into eighths the long way of the pears, removing the cores. In serving add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar to each dish of the pears and on top place two teaspoonfuls of whipped cream.

Cheese Fingers—One cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of grated cheese, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, one-half of a teaspoonful of baking powder; mix with water as for biscuit. Roll out thin; cut in finger lengths and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

Eels en Matelote au Gratin—Cut two pounds of eels into inch lengths and rub inside with a little salt. Fry an onion, cut small, in a little butter; add the eel, a pint of broth, half a bay leaf, six pepper cones and three cloves. Simmer three-quarters of an hour and pour into a shallow baking pan; cover with bread crumbs; dot with butter and bake a light brown.

Broiled Tomatoes—Three or four tomatoes of good size properly sliced are quite sufficient. After peeling and chilling them to keep them firm slice them. Season with two saltspoonfuls of salt and a sprinkling of popper; dip them in melted butter and then in sifted bread crumbs. Cover with a tin pan to keep in the heat and broil for eight minutes, turning them when they brown. If they "run" dredge a little flour over them. Serve on a hot dish, with a little butter on each slice.

Puree of Green Peas—Take two cups of tender young green peas, a small slice of salt pork, one onion, a carrot, three sprigs of parsley, a branch of soup celery, a bay leaf, one clove, a teaspoonful of pepper, half a cupful of rich cream and one tablespoonful of rich butter. Put the salt pork in a kettle over the fire, and when it has fried a light brown add the onion and carrot sliced fine, the parsley minced, the bay leaf, celery and clove. Fry the vegetables a delicate brown; add one quart of hot water and the peas. Let it cook slowly for an hour. Then remove and strain through a puree sieve. Add the cream and butter. Serve with croutons.

With favorable weather for the next two or three weeks, the farmers of Ontario will gather the best crops they have had for twenty years.